THE Poem of Poems.

OR, SIONS MUSE,

Contayning the diuine Song of King Salomon, deuided into eight Eclogues.

Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Iames Roberts* for Mathew Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop in Saint Dunstones Church.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Vnto the ſacred Virgin, diuine Miſtres Elizabeth Sidney, ſole daughter and heyre, to the euer admired Sir Phillip Sydney, Knight.

(··)

Ound to your eternall ſeruice, (diuineſt of all Virgine creatures) both in honour of your renowned Grandfather, to whom my Name was euer immortallie obliged, and your excellence admired, as farre as admiration hath force to conuay true praiſes; and laſtlie, coniured by an vnreſiſtable edict, from them to whom my lifes courſe is all onelie enthralled, with humble reuerence I offer to your

may-

mayden censure, these hallowed lines, metamorphosed by mine vnhallowed sences; daine thē (deare flower of deare virginnitie) with gracious aspect to smile vpon mine infant Muses deuotion, and in dispight of tirannizing time, lende life to my labour and loue to Salomon. Then your selfe, no power is greater, and with your power is equall no worke of Nature; bee then your selfe the powerfull Engine to sustaine my fortunes, and my fortunes the first created, to make knowne your power, that when mine vnfeathered Muse shall be impt by your graces, shee may straine her vntuned numbers to sing of you and your adored Father, whom heauen holds to make happie her habitation, earth wants to giue wonder to her age, and men wishe to make mightie their fortunes.

Happie inough if I please inough.

I. M.

2 Jervis Markham

To the Readers.

RApt in admiration (Gentlemen) vvith the excellencies of our Engliſh Poets, whoſe wondred ſpirits haue made wonderfull the workes of prophane loue; I gaue my ſelfe ouer to the ſtudy of inchaunting Poeſie, in which, I ſo much the more delighted my ſelfe, by how much the farther I found me from attaining the celeſtiall ſecrets of her ſoule-pleaſing Arte, and in that amazement, willing-

lie

mayden censure, these hallowed lines, metamorphosed by mine vnhallowed sences; daine thē (deare flower of deare virginnitie) with gracious aspect to smile vpon mine infant Muses deuotion, and in dispight of tirannizing time, lende life to my labour and loue to Salomon. Then your selfe, no power is greater, and with your power is equall no worke of Nature; bee then your selfe the powerfull Engine to sustaine my fortunes, and my fortunes the first created, to make knowne your power, that when mine vnfeathered Muse shall be impt by your graces, shee may straine her vntuned numbers to sing of you and your adored Father, whom heauen holds to make happie her habitation, earth wants to giue wonder to her age, and men wishe to make mightie their fortunes.

Happie inough if I please inough.

I. M.

2 Iervis Markham

To the Readers.

RApt in admiration (Gentlemen) vvith the excellencies of our Engliſh Poets, whoſe wondred ſpirits haue made wonderfull the workes of prophane loue; I gaue my ſelfe ouer to the ſtudy of inchaunting Poeſie, in which, I ſo much the more delighted my ſelfe, by how much the farther I found me from attaining the celeſtiall ſecrets of her ſoule-pleaſing Arte, and in that amazement, willing-

lie

lie became an eternall Prentiſe to the Muſes. At length, finding Nature an enemy to mine Arte, denying mee thoſe affections, which in others make more then immortall the moſt earthly imaginations; I betooke mee to Diuinitie, in which labouring my ſunne-burnt conceits, I found Poeſie which I ſo much reuerenced, created but a hand-maide to attend Diuinitie: and that as Poeſie gaue grace to vulgar ſubiects, ſo Diuinitie gaue glorie to the beſt part of a Poets inuention. Proude in this opinion, I made loue to Salomons holy Song, & diſſoluing my ſpirits in applauſe of that excellence,

lence, ſought to attract it within the compaſſe of our moſt vſuall ſtanzaes, which hauing done, (though worſe then Millions can doe) I commit to your gentle cenſures. If the manner diſpleaſe, the matter was Salomons, if the deſcant diſlike, the plaine-ſong was Salomons, if the lines bee vnſmooth, the words were Salomons, & howe euer ſet foorth, the inuention was Salomons. Be Salomon then my Rock, to defend me from the rayling of the enuious; and my mediator to purchaſe fauour with the curteous, ſo ſhall the one kicke againſt the pricks, and the other bring grace to thẽſelues

in

in being gracious.

This Song was not tuned for vulgar Musicke, but thought to haue beene reserued for a priuate Consort, onely nowe commaunded by those which may compell, it is made publique. Sweet Gentlemen, let it haue gentle passage through your eares, that it may bee endow'd with good hap, and I with good fortune, both with your fauours, and all with your prayse.

Yours *I. M.*

To his deere Mistris, Mistris Elizabeth Sidney.

ALl the worlds glorie, and the earths delight,
Created for to teach Phylosophie,
That ther's a greater Essence of more might
Then Grandam Natures old-taught dietie,
Looke on these lines, deere issues of a King,
The *Song of Songs*, that lent inuention eies,
VVhich great *Iehouahs* Querrister did sing,
Vnto the Sphearie Organ of the skies:
Learne not but learne by this celestiall bride,
To entertaine espoused happines,
Yet let thy Virgine-Taper euer bide
Like mid-day Sunne to light true holines,
For though the world, and all things fade away,
Thy Vertues, and this Song shall nere decay.

E. W.

¶ The Argument of the *whole Booke.*

IN this Song, *Salomon* by moſt ſweete and comfortable allegories and parables, deſcribeth the perfit loue of *Ieſus Chriſt*, the true *Salomon* and King of peace, and the faithfull ſoule or his Church, which he hath ſanctified and appointed to bee his ſpouſe, holie, chaſt and without reprehenſion. So that heere is declared the ſingular

gular loue of the bridegrome toward the bride, and his great and excellent benefits wherewith hee doth enrich her of his pure bountie and grace without any of her deseruings. Also the earnest affection of the Church which is inflamed with the loue of *Christ* desiring to be more and more ioyned to him in loue, and not to be forsaken for any spot or blemish that is in her.

ECLO-

Faults escaped in the printing.

IN Ecloga tertia, the 10, stanza, and the last line, for liu'd with *Syons* Loue, reade lin'd with *Syons* loue.

In Ecloga quarta, before you reade, O fountaine of the garden, &c. read *Ecclesia* for the Speaker in that place.

ECLOGA PRIMA.

Th'argument.

Betweene Thaumastos *and his loue*
darke louely talke doth passe,
Shee of her home-begotten woes
bemoanes the wronged case.

ECCLESIA, THAVMASTOS.

IMprint vpon my lips pure liuorie
The hony pleasure of thy mouthes deere kisse,
For why thy loue, bounded in no degree,
Exceedes the sence-inchaunting sugred blisse
VVhich from the taste of wine attracted is.

Like ayre-perfuming Odors is thy smell,
And like rich Vnguents is thy glorious Name,
Powred diuinely from a precious VVell,
VVhence loe a brand of kind affection came,
Kindling ỹ Virgins harts with thy loues flame.

ECLOGA PRIMA.

Drawe me (my deare) entice me with thine eie,
Then ſhal my after flight Times flight ore-runne,
And when the King in pompous royaltie,
Shall mine afflictions fetters haue vndone,
Inhouſing in his Chamber my ſelfes ſonne,

Then ſhall my ioy in thee be compleat fram'd,
And thine eternall happy-making loue,
Then iuice of ſwelling grapes; or what is nam'd
By ſweeter ſtile; I will record aboue
All reach; becauſe the iuſt in thee doe moue.

4. You Daughters of *Ieruſalem* behold
The ſable tinckture of my ſpotted face,
Yet note youths features in decaying old,
For I am louelie, ritch in comelie grace,
lm. More thē the twins which ſprung frō * *Kedar's* race.
0,5

Kedar

ECLOGA PRIMA.

Kedar the large deſent of *Iſmaells* line,
From whom the tent-incloſd *Arabians* ſprang;
And of more beautie then the ſilken twine
Of *Salomons* curtaine; when thereon doth hang
Th'vnualued Iems of which all *Syon* rang.

Diſdaine me not becauſe of blacke attaint,
For why the ſcorching Sunne hath kiſt my brow,
And with his eieballs, on my cheeks doth paint,
What ſinne-inflicting nature doth alow
Through the corruption of her broken vow.

Nor for my Brothers (deare in my pure ſight)
Th'vnkindeſt ofspring of my Mothers wombe
Againſt me forſt the hoſts of wrath to fight,
Making me keepe a forraine vine by dombe,
Whilſt I mine owne in loſt regard intombe.

ECLOGA PRIMA.

O thou in whom my ſoules affections dwell,
That canſt recuer my fayrs diſparagment,
Vnuayle to me thy beeing; deare hart tell
Both where thou feedſt,& when the morne is ſpent,
In what calme noone-tide ſhade thy lims are pent.

For why ſhould I their foote-ſteps immitate
Which turnes aſide vnto thy neighbours flocks,
Whom thou haſt call'd to that diuine eſtate,
And yet like long waſht, ſand-conſuming Rocks,
By theyr fond dreames thy grace in pryſon locks.

Thaumaſtos.

Moſt excellent of all the femall lyne,
O thou the fayreſt womens onely fayre,
If where I am thou knowſt not, then declyne
And by the mornings foot-ſteps which appeare,
Trace forth my flocks, and figure theyr repayre;

And

ECLOGA PRIMA.

And by the Tents of thoſe cæleſtiall Swayns
Which vnto *Edens* paſtours are thy guyde,
Feede thy young Kyds; and on their flowrie playns
Sport with thy lambkins, in the Sommers pryde,
So ſhalt thou learne, and knowe where I abyde.

I haue (my Loue) compard thine excellence, 8
Vnto the manag'd troups of armed Steeds,
Whoſe creſts, the ſeate of glories reſidence
Adorne great *Pharo's* Chariot; when with weeds
Of pompe; they hale his watch to martiall deeds.

Thy comly cheekes, the Iewels of my hart, 9
Are ritch enchaſt with rare reflecting ſtone,
And bout thy necke where Beautie learnt his Art,
Hang lynke-vnyted chaines which all alone,
Gyrdle thy beames from view of any one.

ECLOGA PRIMA.

T'is we (my deare) that of the pureſt gold,
Tride in the flame from out *th'Arabian* mine,
VVill make thee borders; doubled many fold,
Imboſted, and intraild with curious twine,
VVhich ſhall with ſiluer ſtuds imbelliſht ſhine.

Eccleſia.

Whilſt in the concau'd pallace of my deare,
My King, my Loue ſhall take deſir'd repoſe,
My Spyknards ſacred fume ſhall then appeare,
Imbalming all the places where hee goes,
And by his ſent my feruent loue diſcloſe.

My onely one, belou'd much more then moſt,
Like ſweetning Mirrh, the ſeaſoner of ſmell,
Such ſacred ſent thy ſight in me doth boaſt,
And thou my Loue in whom all loues I tell,
Shalt twixt my Mayden breaſts for euer dwell.

My

ECLOGA PRIMA.

My Loues-ioy is like Cipreſſe cluſtred fruite
Planted amongſt the vines of *Engedi*;
At whoſe ritch bounds the Salt-ſeas humble ſuite,
Implores with kinde imbracing feruenſie,
Reſpect of loue, in his loues extaſie.

Thaumaſtos.

See, ſee, my Loue th'art faire, (ô faireſt faire)
Faire is my Loue, faire in my Loue is faire,
The gentle Doues that wanton in the aire,
And dallie in our breath-bequeathing ſpheare,
VVithin thine eies their beauties doe appeare.

Eccleſia.

(Dearelie belou'd) double thou art as faire,
And more then faire pleaſure conſorts with thee,
Beautious pleaſant; pleaſant beautious deare,
To this thou addeſt all eternitie;
And euer greene our bridall bed ſhall bee.

The

ECLOGA PRIMA.

6. The ſtately beames of our fayre Cytadell,
And coſtly coloms curiouſly wrought,
Are all of Cedar, rich in praiſe and ſmell,
And thoſe faire walks th'inchanters of my thought,
Shalbe of vened Firre, with endleſſe title bought.

ECLO-

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Th'argument.

Vnder Thaumastos *wings*
to rest Ecclesia *goes,*
Shee vnto Doues; to Foxe deceit
compared are her Foes.

ECCLESIA, THAVMASTOS.

I Am (my deere) the glorious bashfull Rose
VVhich on ỹ sommer plaines of * *Sharon* grow,
Sharon the nurse of smells; foode to that nose
That drawes his breath where her sweet Rosiats
I am that Rose, the pride of *Libanon,* (flow.
Beautie of Gardens, splendour of the field,
And I am that pale Lilly lookt vpon,
VVhose virgin-colour'd purenes, pleasures yeeld.
I am the Rose, the hie fields ornament,
And Lillie-bloome, the Valleys blandishment.

1.
1.C
27.

Thau-

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Thaumastos.

As staineleſſe growes the ſtaining Lillies blaze
Planted amongſt the vndergrowing thorne,
And as ſhee makes diſliking like to gaze,
Praiſing her beames, chiding where ſhee was borne,
So mongſt the maiden daughters of the world,
Thornie infolders of the faireſt raies,
Such is my loue, ſo is thy beautie hurld
Into mine eye; gracing diſpraiſe with praiſe.
As Lillies are with thornes inuironed,
Such is my loue with maids ingirdeled.

Eccleſia.

As mongſt the Forreſts barraine ſhadowing trees,
The comlie Aple-bearing ſtock erects
His rich regard; beyond all meane degrees,
Such is my deere mongſt other mens defects.
Vnder thy ſhadowing fruitfull armes I ſat,

Thether

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Thether delight inticſt my feruent zeale,
And in my reſt, thy fruite to wonder at,
Vnto my mouth all honie-ſweets reueale.
Like th'apple tree in vvoods, ſuch is my loue,
Faire ſhade, ſweet taſte, all ſweetnes farre aboue.

Into his feaſt-houſe ſtreaming pureſt VVine,
Thither my King, my loue hath brought his deare,
VVauing the Enſigne of his loue diuine,
Ouer mine head; defending mee from feare.
O ſtaie me (loue) with flagons doe ſupport mee,
Raiſe my decline, ſuſtaine my downe remoue,
VVith taſte of apples (deere hart) do comfort mee,
For I am ſick, ô ſick of mightie loue.
Vnder loues Canapee, brought to thy feaſting (bliſſe,
Support and comfort me that loue-ſick is.

Vnder

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

6. Vnder my head, (wearie for want of reſt)
My Loues left hand (ô ſacred hand) doth lye;
Soft Pyllow-lyke making my temples bleſt,
Infuſing ſlumber in my cloſing eye,
And with his right hand learnt how to inlace,
And make his Loue by his infoldings glad,
Hee makes mee ritch with kyndeſt kinde imbrace,
Such as the lyke no true loue euer had.
Vpon his left my head takes her repoſe
And with his right mee doth my Loue incloſe.

Thaumastos.

7. Daughters of *Iuda*, Twinnes of *Ieruſalem*,
That with my Loue my fayreſt one doe dwell,
I charge you by the Hynds, and Roes, and them
That grace our fields with beautie, or with ſmell,
Not to ſtyrre vp; or with confuſions ſound

To

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

To breake the bleſſed ſlumber of my ſweete,
But let her reſt, with choyceſt calmes be found,
Vntill to wake hir pleaſure thinks it meete.
You *Syons* heyres doe not my Loue awake
Vntill hir ſelfe, hir ſelfe from ſlumber take.

Eccleſia.

It is my beſt Beloueds voyce I heare,
Harke how his words ſweet Muſicks notes reſound,
See where he comes, marke how he doth appeare,
O how his words with rauiſhment confounds;
See where he comes, and by the Mountayns leaps,
By Mountayns leaps my iolly capring Loue,
See where he skyps by hyls, and earthy heapes,
Leaping, and skypping looke how my deare dooth
The voyce I heare iſſues frō my Loues lip, (moue,
VVhilſt by the Mounts he leaps, and hils doth skip.

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Like a young Hart, or like a wing'd-foote Roe,
Chasing vpon the Medowes and the plaines,
Such is my wel-belou'd in selfe and shoe,
Such like my deereſt deere one aye remaines;
See how hee stands vailed behind our wall,
From opened casments darting his pure rais,
And through the grats, and cranies made to thrall,
His ovvne true splendour glorioussie displais.
My loue like Roes, & Harts wal-clowded shines,
And shoes from grats, and windowes him diuine.

My soules ioy spake, thus spake his musick words,
My loue, my faire one rise, deere come away,
For see the stormie VVinter Spring affoords,
Past is the frostie seasons stubborne sway,
The showers of sinne in raine drops numberlesse,

Is

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Is chaung'd, and altred in this blooming time,
Fled is brem winters wrath held mercileſſe,
And budding fruite doth flower in our clime.
Thus ſaith my ſweet, VVinter doth Spring obay,
Then riſe my loue, my faire one come away.

The earths faire Arras carpet wrought in flowers, 12
Now comlie folds her cold drie carkaſſe in,
Beautie now paints the face was marrd w̄ ſhowers,
And all the ayres ſweet quirriſters begin
To chaunt their carrolling lays with hie regard,
Euen from the talleſt Cedars to the ſhrubs,
Whilſt in our land the Turtles voyce is hard,
Tuning graue Anthems in ỹ lower woods. (time,
Earth boaſts hir flowers, birds brag their ſinging
And in our land the Turtles voice doth chime.

The

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

The elder Fig-tree beares the younger figs,
And Mother-like vnloades her wombe of fruite,
So doth the Vines with broad leau'd winged twigs,
Whoſe ſhadowing armes are rich in mens repute,
Now with their ſmalleſt grapes, times yongeſt borne
Cluſtred in bunches like a countleſſe broode,
Caſts forth perfuming ſauors, which adorne
And odor all what euer neere them ſtoode.
Old Figs beare youg, ſweetnes in vines beare ſway,
Then riſe my Loue, my faire one come away.

My deereſt Bird, my choyceſt ſacred Doue,
That now inhous'd, in hollow rocks appeares,
From thoſe darke clowdie places (ſweet) remoue,
And from the ſecrete corners of the ſtayres,
Diſplay thy comly ſight within mine eye,

Warble

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

VVarble thy voyce, (my choyce one) in mine eare,
For all thy words are ſweeteſt melodie,
And thy well fauor'd ſight is ſeemely cleare.
My rock-pent Doue; ſhowe me, & let me heare,
Thy voice, and ſight, one ſweet, the other fayre.

My Loue the olde beguiling Foxes take,
And all the younger Foxes ſweete deſtroy,
For they vpon our vines foule hauocke make,
And thoſe which haue yong grapes they will anoy;
Myne is mine owne, my beſt belou'd is myne,
His is hys owne, I and my ſelfe am hys,
Amongſt the white bloomd Lyllies in the pryme,
There feeds the darling of my beſt harts blyſſe.
The Foxes take which makes our vines to bleede
Thou mine, I thine, thou doſt on Lyllies feede.

ECLOGA SECVNDA.

Vntill the earlie day breake from the skye,
And chaſe the ſhaddowes with her brighter wings,
Returne my beſt belou'd, and with me lye,
Returne and be like wanton Roes that flings,
Or like a young, and luſtie ſtirring Hart,
Scaling the hie deuided Mountaine tops
Of* *Bether*; which deepe *Iordans* waues doe part,
VVaſhing his feete with Chriſtall water drops.
Returne my Loue till day-breake ſhaddowes kills,
And be like Roes, or Harts on *Bether* hills.

ECLO-

ECLOGA TERTIA.

Th'argument.

A neuer to be chang'd conioyne
the Nymph ſeekes of her deere,
And from the wildernes black walks,
is brought to pathes moſt cleere.

ECCLESIA, THAVMASTOS.

IN coale-blacke night, the nurſe and dam of woe,
Within my bed, whence eaſefull reſt ſhould flow,
Him mine inamourd ſoules delight I ſought,
But all in vaine my buſie care did tend,
For whom I ſought I found not in the end,
Such bootleſſe labour in my ſearch was wrought.
By night I ſought my ſoules Loue in my bed,
But found him not; for hee away was fled.

ECLOGA TERTIA.

2. Then did I riſe, for no repoſe could pleaſe,
And ſearch the Citty, Streets, and open wayes,
All to finde out my ſoules long lacking bliſſe,
Inceſſant ſuite, endles my queſt remaynd,
And of my Loues loſſe mightely complaynd,
Yet found I not whom my deſires did miſſe.
I roſe and ſought the Citty, Streets, and wayes,
But found not him whoſe Loue my ſoule obayes.

3. The buſie watchmen, hopes to my deſire,
(VVho round about our Cytties walkes retire)
They in mine earneſt ſeeking found me out;
To whom I ſayd (downe burdned with my wrong)
Haue you not ſeene my ſoules Loue paſſe along,
Nor through our ſtreets, nor throgh our watchful ſcout.
The cities watch in ſearching foũd me there,
To whom I ſayd; ſaw you not my ſoules deare.

Then

ECLOGA TERTIA.

Then passing by and looking vp and downe,
Hauing new left the gardiants of our Towne, 4.
I found the onely one my soules Loue nurst;
Fast hold I tooke, and left not him I sought,
Tyll to my Mothers house I had him brought
Into hir Chamber which conceiud me first.
Passing the watch, I found and tooke my King,
And him vnto my Mothers house did bring.

You Mayden broode of fayre *Ierusalem*, 5.
By Roes and Hynds, choyce in the sight of men
I charge, commaund, and by them all I bind you,
Not with inkindled tumult to molest,
Or breake my loue from his diuinest rest,
Vntill his sacred pleasure be to mind you.
By *Roes*, and *Hynds*, *Iudeans* I coniure
That you my Loues awake doe not procuer.

ECLOGA TERTIA.

Thaumastos.

6. VVhat ſacred one is ſhee which doth adreſſe,
And riſe out of the vaſt ſhapt wilderneſſe
Like ſmoakie pillaſters to kiſſe the skie;
Perfum'd with Mirrh burnt in the liquid flame,
And Incenſe ſcattred ſweetely in the ſame,
VVith all the ſpice which Marchants vſe to buie.
VVhat's ſhee like ſmoake from deſerts doth ariſe,
Sweetned with Mirrh, Incenſe, and Marchants ſpice?

Eccleſia.

7. Behold my Loue thy glorious bed alone,
VVhich *Salomon* erected for his owne,
And builded for the laſt worlds memorie:
Threeſcore ſtrong men, about it armed ſtand,
Moſt valiant held in Iſraells happie land,
To ſhield it ſafe from priuate enemie.
About thy bed due to King *Salomons* name,
Stand threeſcore ſtrong; vow'd to defend the ſame.

They

ECLOGA TERTIA.

They all haue skill in mannaging their ſwords, 8.
And expert are, in Warre, and warlike words,
No one more ſeene in Martiall deedes then they:
Each hath his ſword vpon his manlie thigh,
Fearing the nights ſworne priuat enemie,
So much in them, their carefull cares beare ſway.
All expert are in Warre, and manlie fight,
Bearing their conqu'ring ſwords for feare by night.

King *Salomon*, faire *Sions* bleſſed King,
Of whom the Heauen-vnfoulding Bookes doe ſing, 9.
Hee for himſelfe a ſtately pallace fram'd
Of coſtlie wood, and curious pleaſing ſhowe,
Such as no after age ſhall euer knowe,
From *Lebanon* the comelie trees were nam'd.
Of thoſe faire trees of fruitfull *Lebanon*,
The King hath built him ſelfe a ſtatelie throne

Hee

ECLOGA TERTIA.

2. Hee whoſe inuentions purenes cannot fade,
Of poliſht ſiluer hath his pillers made,
The pauement gold, like an inchaſed Iem:
The hangings purple, delicatly doone,
Vpon whoſe midſt the true Loues euer wonne,
Of all the dames of great *Ieruſalem.*
Golde pau'd; with ſiluer pyllers rayſd aboue;
Purple the hangings, lyu'd with *Sions* Loue.

1. Come forth you daughters *Iuda* doth infold,
And your great King, ritch *Salomon* behold,
Crownd with that Diadem of ſacred ſway;
VVherewith his Mother in his nuptiall feaſt,
Adornd his ſhyning temples glorious creſt,
And in his harts tryumphant Holy day.
Come Virgin-holy Mayds ſee *Salomon* crownd,
Vpon that day when all his ioyes were found.

ECLO-

ECLOGA QVARTA.

Th'argument.

Eccleſia, *ſpotles in his eye*
Thaumaſtos *much commends*;
And in the ardor of his Zeale
his Loue to hir commends.

THAVMASTOS ECCLESIA.

MY perfit loue, behold th'art perfit fayre, 1.
Fayre is my Loue, & beautious is her face,
And thy bright eies, pure chaſtities ſole haire
Are like to doues vnſtained cõſtant grace.
O thou art fayre, fayre is my ſacred Loue,
And thy chaſt eye is lyke the chaſteſt Doue.

Amongſt thy gold-diſpierced comely locks,
Thy treſſed hayres delightfull memorie,
Are like the Goates gath'red in goodly flocks,

VVhich

ECLOGA QVARTA.

Which from the Mountaine *Giliad* caſts their eye,
Thy haires amongſt their curles are like the ſlocke.
which downwards caſts their looks frō *Giliads* rock.

2. Thy milke-white teeth are like well orderd ſheepe,
Which beare their ſiluer fleeces from the brooke,
Al bringing twins; twins brought they ſafely leepe,
Whom barraines forſaking hath forſooke.
Thy teeth like well waſht ſheepe in order ſtand,
All twinning; and none barraine in our land.

3. Thy lips are like the ſweete dyed ſcarlet thryd
And comlie is thy ſpeech diſcouering talke,
Thy bleſſed temples in thy locks are hid,
Like a Pomegranat on his broad-leau'd ſtalke.
Thy lyps like Scarlet, all thy talke is faire,
Thy temples in thy locks Pomegranats were.

Like

ECLOGA QVARTA.

Like *Dauids* ſtatelie Tower, built for defence,
Such is the towrie beautie of thy necke,
A thouſand ſhields therein keepes reſidence,
And it the ſtrong-mens Targets richly deck.
Thy necke like *Dauids* tower when hung along,
VVith thouſand ſhields, and Targets of the ſtrong.

Thy two faire breaſts, imboaſted circular,
The cabinets of knowledge, and pure zeale,
As two young twinned Roes, ſuch like they are,
Feeding where ſweetning Lillies ſweetes reueale.
Thy breaſts are like two infant twinned Roes,
Graſſing where all the white-facſt Lillies growes.

Vntill the day-breake beautifie the morne,
And black-facſt ſhaddowes flie before the Sonne,
Vnto the hils where ſweet-breathd Mirh was borne,

And

ECLOGA QVARTA.

And to the Mounts of Incenſe will I runne
To Mounts of Mirrh and Incenſe will I goe
Till early daye blacke ſhaddowes ouerthrowe.

All fayre in thee, thou in all fayre doſt dwell
My Loue, my deare, my onely ſoules delyght
Purenes him ſelfe, cannot thy purenes tell,
For thou art ſpotleſſe, neuer-ſtayning whyte.
VVith all eternall fayre my Loue is crownd,
And no one ſpot about her can be found.

My brydall ſpouſe, my beds companion,
From fruitfull *Lebanon* come walke with me,
VVith me (my ſoules ſoule) come from *Lebanon*,
VVhere growes rich Frankenſence perfuming tree.
VVith me come trace from hie-topt *Lebanon*,
That all *Arabias* confines lookes vpon.

And

ECLOGA QVARTA.

And from the top of *Amanah* looke downe,
From *Shenir*, and from *Hermons* holie hill,
Euen from the dens where angrie Lions frowne,
And from the Mounts which Leopards doe fill.
From *Amanah*, *Hermon*, and *Shenir* ſee,
From Lions dens, and where the Leopards bee.

My Siſter, ſpouſe, and all what in me lies, 9.
VVounded thou haſt, wounded thou haſt my hart,
Firſt with a looke from one of thy faire eies,
Then with thy necks chaine glorying that part.
My Siſter, ſpouſe, by thee my harts wound came,
Thy necks chaine cauſe,& thine eies brighter flame.

Howe faire my ſpouſe and Siſter is thy Loue, 10
O how much better then delightful wine?
And thy rare oyntments ſauour I doe proue,

T'exceede

ECLOGA QVARTA.

And to the Mounts of Incenſe will I runne
To Mounts of Mirrh and Incenſe will I goe
Till early daye blacke ſhaddowes ouerthrowe.

All fayre in thee, thou in all fayre doſt dwell
My Loue, my deare, my onely ſoules delyght
Purenes him ſelfe, cannot thy purenes tell,
For thou art ſpotleſſe, neuer-ſtayning whyte.
VVith all eternall fayre my Loue is crownd,
And no one ſpot about her can be found.

My brydall ſpouſe, my beds companion,
From fruitfull *Lebanon* come walke with me,
VVith me (my ſoules ſoule) come from *Lebanon*,
VVhere growes rich Frankenſence perfuming tree.
VVith me come trace from hie-topt *Lebanon*,
That all *Arabias* conſines lookes vpon.

And

ECLOGA QVARTA.

And from the top of *Amanah* looke downe,
From *Shenir*, and from *Hermons* holie hill,
Euen from the dens where angrie Lions frowne,
And from the Mounts which Leopards doe fill.
From *Amanah*, *Hermon*, and *Shenir* ſee,
From Lions dens, and where the Leopards bee.

My Siſter, ſpouſe, and all what in me lies, 9.
VVounded thou haſt, wounded thou haſt my hart,
Firſt with a looke from one of thy faire eies,
Then with thy necks chaine glorying that part.
My Siſter, ſpouſe, by thee my harts wound came,
Thy necks chaine cauſe,& thine eies brighter flame.

Howe faire my ſpouſe and Siſter is thy Loue, 10
O how much better then delightful wine?
And thy rare oyntments ſauour I doe proue,
T'exceede

ECLOGA QVARTA.

VVhich from the tops of *Lebanon* doe goe.
O garden fount; ô liuing waters well,
O ſpring which on Mount *Lebanon* doth dwell.

6. Ariſe ô North, and come ô South and blowe,
That my faire gardens ſpice may iſſue out,
And let my beſt Loue to his garden goe:
To eate the fruite; pleaſure impales about.
Blow North, & South, my gardens ſpice out caſt,
And let my Loue his fruits ſweet pleaſure taſt.

EC.

ECLOGA QVINTA.

Th'argument.

Thaumastos calls his Loue,
and shee his voyce doth heare,
Shee doth confesse her nakednes,
and highlie lauds her deare.

THAVMASTOS ECCLESIA.

IVDA.

MY Sister, and my beds companion, 1.
Into my garden am I com'd alone;
My Mirrh I gathered with my other spice,
(Perfuming planted in my Paradise)
My Honie-combe I ate with Honnie spred,
My wine I dranke with sweete milke mingled,
Then ô my friends and consorts of my loue,
Drinke, eate, and laugh, let solace onely moue.

ECLOGA QVINTA.

Eccleſia.

2. Slumber impaleth all my weaker ſence,
But yet my hart keepes waking reſidence,
The voyce which knocketh at my cloſd vp dore,
Iſſues from him my greateſt loues adore.

Thaumaſtos.

Open to me my Siſter and my loue,
My vndefiled faire-one, my harts Doue,
For ſee my head with moiſtning dewe is ſpred,
And all my locks with night-drops couered.

Eccleſia.

3. My weedes put of (deere) naked I remaine,
How ſhall I then the ſame put on againe?
My feete are bath'd, and waſht from ſpotting ſinne,
Howe to defile them ſhall I then beginne?
4. My well-beloueds ſacred hand was put
In by the dores hole when the ſame was ſhut,

And

ECLOGA QVINTA.

And in that motion was my ſecret hart.
My inward bowels, and my priuat part,
Moued, ſtir'd vp, and mightelie inflamed
VVith loue to him, in whom my loue was framed.
Then roſe I vp to open (but too late)
The long cloſd portall of my pallace gate,
And riſing dropped from my Iuorie hands,
And from my fingers (once affections brands)
Mirrh, and pure Mirrh, (no ſweets more purer are)
Vpon the ſacred handles of the barre.
Open I did vnto my Loue the dore,
But hee was gone; paſt was my loue before,
Gone was my hart and from my breſt did breake,
When firſt I heard my deareſt true-loue ſpeake,
Long did I ſeeke but could not finde my friend,
I cald but hee no aunſwere backe would ſend.

ECLOGA QVINTA.

7. The Cities rounders, watchmen of our towne,
They found me how I ſought him vp, and downe,
And finding me, with weapons of their ſcorne
They ſmoat, and wounded me; my loues forlorne;
And thoſe which on our Cities walls did watch,
They from my beautious face; my vaile did catch.

8. O holie Daughters of *Ieruſalem*,
I charge and binde you by my true Loues Iem,
That if you finde where my ſoules life doth moue,
You tell him I am mightie ſicke of Loue.

Iuda.

9. O femall excellence; ô beauties crowne
VVhich art of womens faire, the faire renowne,
VVhat is thy well-beloueds honour more,
Then others well-beloueds knowne before?
Or whereby doth thy loues loue growe ſo large,
That thus thou bindſt vs by this mightie charge?

Eccleſia.

ECLOGA QVINTA.

Eccleſia.

Iuda, my beſt belou'd is Lillie white,
Ruddie and pale; Vermilion ſiluer bright,
Mongſt thouſands and ten thouſands of the bleſt,
Hee is the chiefeſt and the onelie beſt,
His head as to fine gold, bright rays aſſume,
His curled locks, blacke as the Rauens plume,
His virgine eies are like the ſiluer Doues
VVhich on the watrie Riuers ſing their loues,
Whilſt waſht within ỹ ſweet milks pleaſant ſtreame,
They by the full fild veſſels doe remaine.
His cheekes are as a bed of rareſt ſpice,
Or flowers ſprung vp in heauens Paradiſe,
And his deare lips like Lillies; ceaſeleſſe power
Of pureſt Mirrh, an euerlaſting ſhower;
His hands like rings of gold, whilſt in them ſit
The neuer equald ſhining Chriſſolit.

ECLOGA QVINTA.

His bellie like pure Iuorie burniſhed,
With blew-veynd Saphirs richlie couered.
15. His legges are pillers wrought in Marble mine,
Grafted in golden ſockets as diuine,
As *Lebanon* ſuch is his count'nance bent,
And as the Cedars moſt, moſt excellent.
16. His mouth as all the world of ſweetnes is,
And all in all he is delights beſt bliſſe.
O Daughters of *Ieruſalem* attend,
This is my loue, my louer, and my friend.

Iuda.

17 Beautie of Beauties; excelling faireſt one,
O whether is thy beſt beloued gone,
Whether is thy ſoules ſoueraigne turnd aſide,
VVhere doe his glories, and his triumphs bide?
Tell vs that we may ſeeke him out with thee.
Admird through heauen, and earths poſteritie.

ECLO-

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Th'argument.

{ Eccleſia *in her ſoule aſſures,*
Thaumaſtos *loue vnfaind,*
And mongſt her praiſes doth diſplay,
her ſingle ſelfe vnſtaind. }

ECCLESIA, THAVMASTOS.

GOne to this worlds faire *Eden* is my loue, 1.
Vnto the beds of ſpices, and perfumes
In ỹ choice gardē where delights doe moue,
There will he banquet till the day cōſumes,
Gath'ring pale Lillies to adorne his plumes.
My true-loue to the gardens ſpice beds came,
To feede and gather Lillies in the ſame.

Exchaun-

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Exchanged I, to him, to mee my deere,
Immortall intreſt holds my loue in me,
No leſſe in him is my ſtrong title cleere,
Both hauing right of perpetuitie,
VVhilſt hee on Lillies feedes eternallie.
I am his owne, he is my proper right,
VVho feedes on Lillies-food both day & night.

Thaumaſtos.

As *Tirza*, is my true loue beautifull;
* *Tirza* which borders choſen *Iſraell*,
VVhom *Euphrates* within his armes doth cull,
As bright *Ieruſalem* her lookes excell,
And as an enſignd Armie ſhee is fell.
As *Tirza* or *Ieruſalem* my ſtarre,
Is faire and ſterne, as bannerd hoſts in warre.

Turne

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Turne from mine eyes, the beautie of thine eyes,
For their ſun-darting ſplendours conquer mee,
And as thy thralls, mine all affections lyes,
The while thy net incloſing-treſſes be,
Like Mountaine Kyds, which to the Valleys ſee.
Turne thy victorious eye away, thy locks
Are like the down caſt looks of hie climbd flocks.

The Iuorie gardiants of thy bleſſed talke,
Are like the double-bearing new waſht ſheepe,
VVhoſe fruitful wombes, plenties wel loaden ſtalke
Hath now intombd in the vnſearched deepe
All the poore trophies barrennes did keepe.
As barrenleſſe waſht ſheepe are with their twinns,
Such ſeeme thy teeths bright poliſht garniſhings.

Thy

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Thy ſtatelie forehead clouded vnderneath
The ſumptuous curtaine of thy golden treſſe,
Reſembles thoſe Pomegranats which deceiue,
The paſſenger; whoſe eie-ſight connot geſſe,
Where hangs the fruit through leaf-dark wildernes.
As great Pomegranats leauie ſhades alowe,
So doe thy haires hoode-winke thy ſiluer bowe.

Threeſcore annointed gorgeous Queenes there are,
And foureſcore wanton Concubins for loue,
And of the Mayden Damſels whom compare
Raiſeth the greateſt number far aboue,
In countleſſe infinets their armies moue.
Queens threeſcore, fourſcore Concubins remaine,
And Damſels whom no number can containe.

Yet

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Yet is my loue alone vnequalled
The onely ſtainleſſe iſſue of her mother,
Deerer to her then may be valued,
Seene of thoſe Maides, and praiſd before all other,
whoſe laude nor Queens nor cõcubins wil ſmother.
My ſingle loue, in whom all things are pleaſed,
Of maids, of Queenes, & concubins is praiſed.

But ſpeake all ages, tell mee who ſhee is,
VVhich like the mornings glorie lookes abroad,
Faire as the full Moone midſt her ſtarrie bliſſe,
Pure as the Sunne in higheſt heauens aboade,
And dreadfull as an Enſignd armies loade? (ſtar,
VVhats ſhee lookes foorth, fairer then Moone or
Bright like the Sun, fearefull as men of war?

Downe

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Eccleſia.

Downe haue I gone into the nuttie walks,
To viewe the vallyes riches, and her fruite,
To ſee what buds ſprang from the Vine trees ſtalks,
Or if the braue Pomegranate with repute
VVere ouer floriſht with a flowric ſute.
Downe did I goe into the nuttie bower,
To ſee the Vine buds, and Pomegranats flower.

But when I came, nothing to me was knowne,
Diſcording vnagreements raind therein,
Then did my ſoule with wings that wel had flowne,
Adreſſe me like the Charriots that within
Swiftly to hale thy noble troupes begin.
Nothing I knew, and my ſoule ſet me then,
Like to the charriots of thy noble men.

Returne,

ECLOGA SEXTA.

Returne, returne, ô *Shulamit* returne,
That wee may ſee thy peace contayning bounds,
VVhat ſhall you ſee in her but cauſe of mourne?
VVho like an Armie peſtreth all her grounds,
Promiſing nothing but dead-killing wounds.
Returne ô *Shulamit*, returne *Ieruſalem*,
Ha, ſhee is nothing but an hoaſt of men.

ECLO-

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

Th'argument.

Ecclesias naked linaments
Iudeas praise displaies,
Sealing th'assurance of the loue,
that lasts all lasting dayes.

IVDEA, ECCLESIA.

O Virgin, issue of a Princes bed,
How beautifull and comly is thy pace?
How glorious is thy feete with gilt shooes spred,
Yeelding their measurd stepps vnmeasurd grace?
Thy thighes faire motiue ioynts, by true blisse led,
Are like rich Iewels on a virgins face.
The happy worke of that thrise happy hand,
VVhose cunning arte, doth arte frō arte cōmand.

Thy

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

Thy mountaine nauell, holie hill of peace, 2
Is like a globie cup made Sphearie round,
In which celeſtiall liquor doth increaſe.
Thy belly as faire heapes of wheate abound,
So is the ryſing and the downe releaſe,
VVhilſt pale-facſt Lillies it impalleth round.
Thy two deere breſts, chaſt cabinets of power, 3
Are like two Roes twinn'd in a happy hower.

Thy towrie necke (bright throne of Iuorie) 4
Lookes like the ſiluer coloms of the day,
And like the Pooles in *Heſhbon* is thine eye,
VVhere liquid Chriſtall ſports with ſunny play,
Like thoſe cleere Ponds of *Heſhbon*, which doe lye
And at *Bath-rabims* gate moyſt tributs pay.
As *Lebanons* hie turret is thy noſe,
Which wall'd *Damaſcus* for his obiect choſe.

Thy

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

Thy head vpon the pallace of thy necke,
Is as the ſcarlet abſolute for die,
Thy buſhy treſſes which thy curles bedecke,
Are like to purple; graue in euerie eie.
The King the greateſt great bowes at thy becke;
Tyed in gold-chaines vnto thy companie.
O how much faire art thou my honie Loue,
VVhat pleaſure in thy pleaſures euer moue.

Like mounting palme that ſprings in preſſing down,
Thy ſtature is; like cluſters are thy breaſts,
Oft haue I ſaide I would with hie renowne,
Climbe vp the palme trees flowrie topped creſts;
I ſaid my hands ſhould make her bowes my crown,
VVhilſt on thy teats time bunching grapes inueſts.
And that rare odour which thy noſe expells,
Shall better much the apples better ſmells.

Thy

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

Thy mouths celeſtiall roofe, ſhrine of delight,
Shall be like wine refiner of the wit,
VVhoſe holy fume, flame like aſſends vpright,
And in my beſt beloueds throne doth ſit,
Cauſing olde lips lockt vp by ſilence ſpight,
To ſpeake what ſpeaking Angells might be fit.
Wholie I am my holy loues for euer,
VVhoſe chaſt deſier from me remoueth neuer.

Come, come my Loue, the beſt ioy of my minde,
The onlie one is pleaſing in mine eies,
Let vs goe forth and frolike with the winde,
Sport with the ayre, and wanton with the skies,
Let vs ore view the fields, loue let vs finde,
Whence all the meadowes beauties doe ariſe.
Thence let vs pitch our happie tents and dwell,
In Villages; contents true Citadall.

ECLOGA SEPTIMA.

2. Let vs riſe vp more earlie then the day,
Euen when the night ſhall giue the morning place,
And viewe the vines that ouerſpread our way,
There let vs ſee the floriſhe of his grace;
And whether his ſmall buds their young graps pay,
Or if Pomegranats pride, all prides deface.
There will I giue, what no gift elſe can giue,
My loue to thee; which loue ſhall euer liue.

3. The Mandrags vapour odorifferus ſmells,
The Hony nouriſhment of breathing ſence,
And in our gates, and Portals euer dwells,
Euen in our Cloiſters, and our houſe defence,
All whatſoeuer ſweeteſt ſweetnes tells,
VVithin the compaſſe of ſweets reſidence.
Both new and old, and all that pleaſures ſteepe,
For thee my loue eternallie I keepe.

EC.

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

Th'argument.

Thaumastos *must* Ecclesia *teach,*
whom he supports from fall,
His feruent loue to her he tells,
the Vine that beareth all.

ECCLESIA, THAVMASTOS.
IVDEA.

OH that thou wert (ô holy happy prayer,) 1.
As is my brother chaynd by kind to mee,
who hanging on my mothers brests, draws ayre
Of liuing life, from that eternitie,
Then in the plaines would I recouer thee,
And see thee sport without vpon the greene,
There would I kisse thine hand, thy cheek, thine eye,
Thine euerie part where euery praise is seene, (Quee
whilst none should scorne thy swects, (sit soueraigne so

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

2. Then would I leade thee by a golden twine,
And bring thee to my Mothers dwelling place,
There ſhalt thou teach me precepts moſt diuine,
The learned Legends of eternall grace,
And I will banquet, feaſt thee, and imbrace;
Cauſing to bathe thy temples and thy taſt,
With ſpiced wine, the pride of pleaſures race,
And with newe iuice, from ſweet Pomgranats caſt,
3. Thy left hand on my head, thy right about my waſt.

Thaumaſtos.

4. I charge you Daughters of *Ieruſalem*,
Awake nor ſtirre my loue vntill ſhee pleaſe,

Iuda.

5. VVhat ſacred Mayde, what holie Virgine Iem,
Is this that from darke ſhades her eies doth raiſe?

And

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

And on her loue her louelie armes diſplaies.
Vnder an apple tree; I raiſd thee downe,
There where thy Mother, thy firſt date conceiues.
Euen where ſhe firſt attaind conceptions crowne,
That bare, that bred, that brought, & nurſt thee in
(our Towne.

Thaumaſtos.

Set my loues ſeale, vpon thy tender hart, 6.
And there imprint the Image of my zeale,
Or as a ſignet neuer vow'd to part,
Vnto thine arme let mee for place appeale,
For loue then death, doth greater ſtrength reueale,
And iealouſie is fiercer then the graue,
Her kindled brands doth fierie vigor ſteale.
And thoſe bright flames which from her being haue,
Are vehement, raging mad, & will no obiect ſaue.

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

7. Eternall riuers quench not burning loue,
Nor can the worlds floods drown long liu'd desire,
Giue all the world, all what in it doth moue,
Yet all conteind, abates not true loues fire.

Ecclesia.

8. One sister (loue) we haue which doth retire,
Yet wants she brests to nourish hers withall,
VVhat shal we do for her? let mee enquire?
What shal I say? what scuse shal I let fall? (call?
VVhen others for our sisters loues shall loudlie

Iudea.

9. If shee be vvall-like, wee will build thereon
A siluer pallace burnisht as the Sky,
And if shee be doore-like, or portall strong,
VVee'le lock her in on Cedar boords to lye.

Ecclesia.

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

Ecclesia.

I am a vvall built by eternitie,
For see, my breasts are like two well fram'd towers,
And I haue layne within my loues quick eye,
Like one which in his sight finds peaceful flowers,
To trim newe *Eden* vp, and other happy bowers.

Thaumastos.

A comlie Vine hath mightie *Salomon*,
VVhich sundrie keepers watch with coy regard,
It fruitfull spreading, growes in *Baal-Hamon*,
VVho of the fruite will taste, brings for reward
A thousand siluer peeces well prepard.
Yet my faire Vineyard lies before my face,
Thousands to thee ô *Salomon*, are shard,
But vnto him which keeps my sacred place,
Two hũdreth appertaine, reward of greater grace.

ECLOGA OCTAVA.

O thou which in the garden dwelſt for euer,
Vnto thy voyce all thy familiars tend:
Exhalt it then, let thy ſweet tunes perſeuer,
Teach me to heare, which taught'ſt me to cómend.

Eccleſia.

O my deere Loue, my ſoules deſired frend,
If thou depart, or liſt away to flie,
Be like to Roes, or luſtie Harts that wend
And play vpon the Mountaines cheerefully, (eye.
Where ſpices grow, ſweet fumes, & al to pleaſe the

In ſummo felicitas.

FINIS.